

READ PAGES 15 AND 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 68.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904.

One Penny.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

. . . THE . . .

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The Most
BEAUTIFUL
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JANUARY ISSUE
Now on Sale.

AT ALL . . . 1/- AT ALL . . .
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(NEAR PICCADILLY CIRCUS.)

The "Perfecta" Talking Machine.

In describing the results attained with this machine and our new SALON RECORDS, we are tempted to print the opinion of one of the greatest experts on Talking Machines—

"IT IS NO LONGER A PHONOGRAPH."

Hear a reproduction on the "Perfecta" of a song by Madame Kirkby Lunn, Ada Reeve, or any of the well-known artistes, which our list comprises, and you will agree with us that this is no mere machine, but a "HUMAN THING." Inventors have for years been attempting to invent a Talking Machine that reproduces accurately, without the buzzing nasal sound, and scratching and whirring, which has hitherto been associated with this class of instrument. The "Perfecta" accomplishes this.

MODEL No. 1.

Running 5 records with
each winding.

£6 : 15 : 0

INCLUDING REPRODUCER,
RECORDER,
LARGE ALUMINIUM HORN,
&C.

This Machine takes both small and the new intermediate Salon Records. The quality of tone of the new records can best be described by simply saying they are records made by the finest singers known to our time, and are absolute reproductions of the human voice.

HENRY KLEIN & CO., 84, Oxford Street, London, W.

Telephone No.—4248 GERRARD.

Telegraphic Address—"KLEISTERN LONDON."



"BAD FOR THE COO."

Train Derailed, Merchandise
Scattered, Cow Missing.

Four miles outside Chester, at Dunham, a long and rattling goods train collided with a passenger train. A cow which had strayed for a stroll upon the line.

The results were numerous and inconvenient.

- (1) Eleven waggons were derailed and smashed.
- (2) The permanent way was torn up for three quarters of a mile.

(3) The main line from Manchester was blocked for twelve hours.

(5) Considerable damage was done to the corn but details of this part of the accident are not in hand.

"Passengers severely shaken, but not injured." How differently this report of the accident to the nine o'clock passenger express from New York to New Haven might have read.

At Ferryhill the last three carriages left the metals and collided with a signal at the entrance to the station.

The side of the carriages were fortunately, the coaches were prevented from turning by becoming wedged against the supports.

Colonel Von Donop's report on the collision in September between two mineral trains on the Glasgow Underground Line of the Caledonian Railway, when a driver was killed and a fireman injured, has now been issued. He thinks the cause of the accident was that Signalman Dempster had properly made use of his relieving plunger, but thus released his block instrument.

responsibility for the accident must rest with him.

UTOPIA OF ART.

Interesting Experiment in an Old-
World Flemish City.

World Finnish

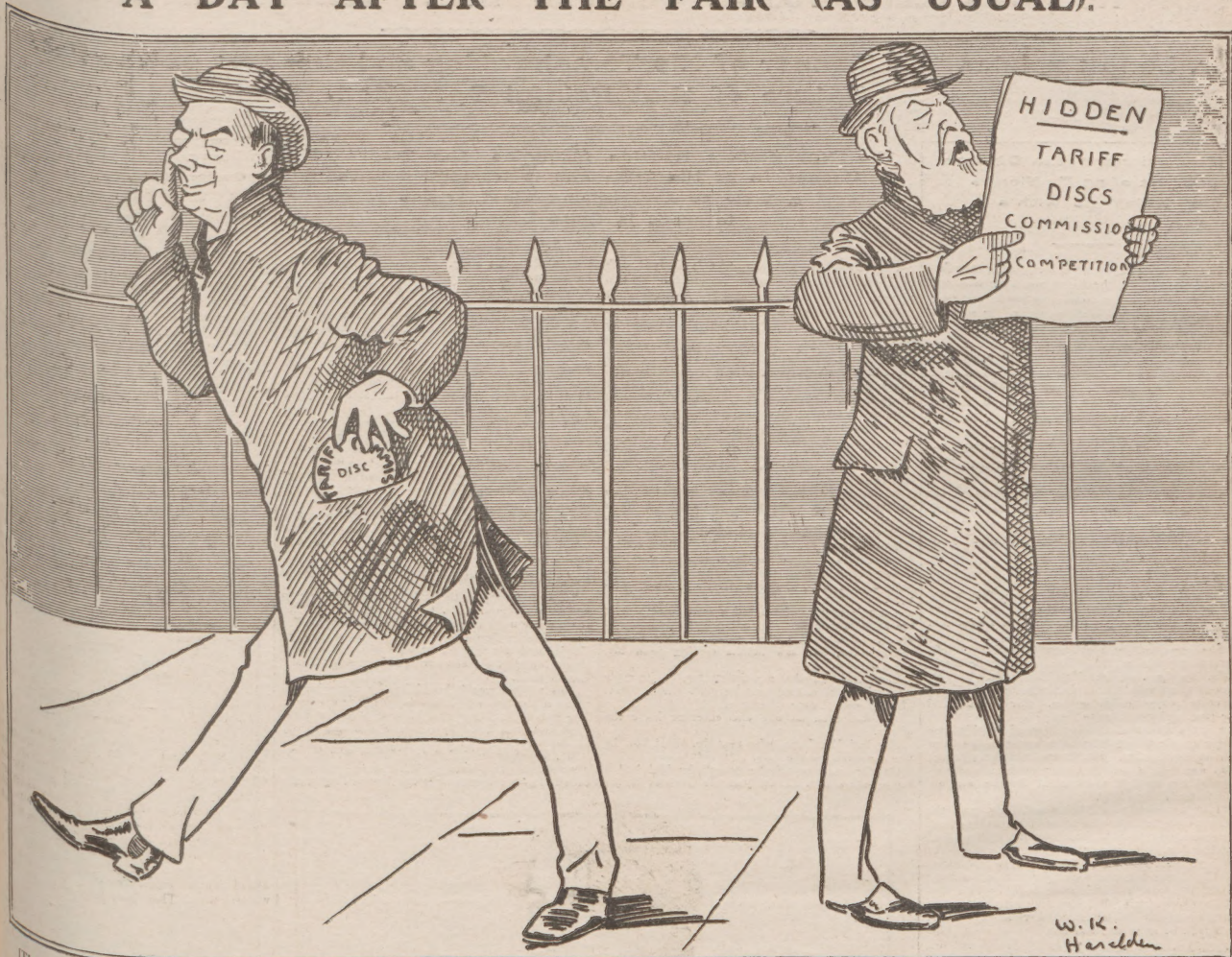
The peace and quiet of the med...

[Bender & Lewis]

Two very small boys were released from the ship-street yesterday on account of their misdeeds in the Hackney-road.

...enting with animals this
...be extremely successful.

A DAY AFTER THE FAIR (AS USUAL).



[The Duke of Devonshire, speaking on Tuesday evening, several days after Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission had begun its sittings, proposed that it would be as well for a commission to be formed on the other side.]

BATTLE OF BELLES.

Lady Friends Fight for Their Rights in a Kitchen.

Miss Alice Adams had rooms with Miss Bella Macdonald, in St. George's-square. There was a friendly feud between them, and a schoolmaster. They were a kindly few, till one day Alice went into the kitchen to fetch some milk.

Yesterday they were in the Bloomsbury County Court. Alice sued Bella for £50 damages. And Bella claimed £25 on her part.

But she had been forcibly detained in her own kitchen, in the box, asserted that Miss Adams had been in the kitchen door open. She was smoking a cigarette. There was a struggle when she tried to close the door to the area. Miss Bella said she had been pulled away by her policeman, and Miss Alice, began pulling her away by her policeman.

Miss Adams living in the house came down to the kitchen door open. She was smoking a cigarette. There was a struggle when she tried to close the door to the area. Miss Bella said she had been pulled away by her policeman, and Miss Alice, began pulling her away by her policeman.

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CHEATING THE TUBERCLE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Professor Behring, in a lecture on tuberculosis, declared that the tendency to the disease is not from heredity but through the milk which is so infectious.

It is therefore, of the utmost importance that the milk should be proved entirely free from the tubercle before it is given to the child. Boiling is a reliable means of sterilizing the milk, but the addition of a small percentage of soda which prevents the development of the tubercle without altering the composition of the milk.

Experimenting with animals this method was found to be extremely successful.

OLD, NOT COLD.

Octogenarian Lovers Come to Blows Over a Beauty of Eighty-two.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Monday. "It was a love affair," explained two octogenarians, who appeared before the director, for disorderly conduct, in a home for old people at Chaillay, in the Canton of Vaud.

It appears that the two old men, who were formerly inseparables, fell in love with another inmate, a silver-haired old woman of eighty-two summers, and came to blows. The rivals had numerous supporters and the fray became general, the women folk encouraging their champions. The combatants were subsequently separated and calmed.

When the cause of all the trouble was reprimanded she smilingly said to the director, "Mais, monsieur, I cannot prevent people loving me."

The aged lovers were dismissed after having promised "to be more careful" in the future, and peace was again restored.

NEW MADAME HUMBERT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

COPENHAGEN, Monday. Further particulars are now forthcoming respecting the charges of swindling preferred against Madame Petersen, who has sought to emulate the doings of Thérèse Humbert by means of a phantom inheritance.

Madame Petersen, a young and pretty woman, began her career of deception by entering into a liaison with her music teacher, from whom she succeeded in enticing 12,000 crowns, by promising to marry him after her husband's death.

When the husband died, however, she married a merchant named Mortensen, to whom she stated that she would come into possession of 250,000 crowns on the death of a certain countess.

She kept the music teacher still under her influence, and got him to fabricate documents for her.

The merchant has now begun an action against the professor.

MAD, BUT CLEVER.

An English lady has been arrested by the Genoa police on a charge of negotiating cheques with forged endorsements.

She is said to be an escaped lunatic, who is well known for her clever frauds. Another lady, her companion, was arrested at the same time.—*Reuter.*

RURAL INNOCENCE.

Fairy Stories Told by an Illiterate Servant Girl.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Friday. A country servant girl from Bohemia, aged twenty-two, who can neither read nor write, and cannot count up to five have just been tried here for a series of most cunningly-devised deceptions.

She represented herself to a number of men as a rich young widow eligible for matrimony. She proposed to make over all her property to her victims by a marriage contract if an annuity for life were provided for herself.

In one such contract, drawn up by an advocate, she stipulated for five meals a day and silk dresses. All she gained by these fairy tales was to live a few days at the expense of her victims, get a small loan and her railway expenses to Auspitz (her supposed estate) in their company.

On each occasion she managed to slip away at the station before Auspitz. Several times the artful girl obtained all the savings of her dupes, and they were left stranded at Auspitz without the means of returning to Vienna. She has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

JACQUES L'S TENANTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday. The Emperor of the Sahara is one of the largest of Parisian landlords, and his dealings with his tenants seem to be as eccentric as his experiments in Empire.

In the first place he will have nothing to do with repairs. But, on the other hand, provided the tenant promises never to mention the word "repairs," the rents are exceedingly low. Also, M. Lebauty, instead of requiring his rent once a quarter, as is the custom, only wants it once a year, and even then three or four years often pass before he presents the cheques sent to him by his tenants. Not long ago he sent them a circular requesting them to address him by his Imperial titles. It is Lebauty's way, and does them no harm.

FOUR AT A BIRTH.

At the village of Brackenborough, on the outskirts of Louth, Lincolnshire, Mrs. Ellis, the wife of a gardener, in the employment of Major E. Kyme Cordaux, J.P., of Brackenborough Hall, Louth, has just given birth to four children. Mother and infants are said to be progressing favourably.

FOR INVALID GEE-GEES.

Ambulance for the Use of Our Wounded Dumb Friends.

The horses of the Clerkenwell district have shown a most unwonted air of cheerfulness since it was announced a day or two ago by the Dumb Friends' League that after yesterday they should have a brand new ambulance all to themselves.

Two years ago the league provided the first horse ambulance for public use in London, but it was especially consecrated to service in Chelsea and the neighbourhood. The horses of everywhere else felt hurt. Now Clerkenwell prances with pride and scoffs at the Chelsea affair as a "mere one-horse shay," whereas theirs is a "pair-horse carriage attended by a coachman and footman"—such an ambulance, in fact, as has never yet been seen in London.

Built in America—to our disgrace—it is all-glorious with scarlet paint, white and gold lettering, with an awning and side curtains, which the sick horse may draw as his shyness dictates.

There are strong belts and straps to support the interesting invalid, and a novel arrangement by which a false floor slides out to receive the horse if he is so hurt as to have to be lifted.

The vehicle is full 25ft. in length, and has been built at a cost of £120. There was a "private view" yesterday at Tattersall's, Albert-gate, when a succession of "dress-rehearsals" in removing injured horses supplied the visitors with entertainment.

BOCCACCIO—WITH VARIATIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Tuesday. An amusing incident suggestive of Boccaccio has just taken place in the village of Eseszeran. Gaber Aron, known in the village as a veritable Don Juan, made eyes at the newly-married wife of Stephen Viro, a small landed proprietor. The lady told her husband, and they conceived the idea of having a little fun at Don Juan's expense. She invited him to the house in her husband's absence.

He had only been there a few minutes when the lady, with well-simulated alarm, announced the unexpected return of her husband. "Quick!" she cried; "there's no time to be lost. Get into the flour-bin."

The husband informed his wife that he had sold the flour-bin, and presently two men came and carried it away. On their way they dropped the bin in the mud, the lid flew open, and out rolled Don Juan covered with flour. He crept away in great discomfiture, amid peals of laughter.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SCALPED BY A LONDON APACHE.

Mr. Lane Explains the Manner of His Tomahawking and Enlarges on the Painless Nature of that Painful Operation.

Revelations in the Divorce Court of an Ex-Vicar's Relations with a Housemaid.

The domestic affairs of a clergyman, who has been deposed from the living which he held and deprived of his orders, formed an unedifying story told in the Divorce Court yesterday. In some of its aspects the case resembled one which received prominence last week.

The matter came before Sir Francis Jeune yesterday through the action of the King's Proctor, who intervened to prevent a decree nisi—obtained by a Mr. David Evans, formerly vicar of St. Mark's, South Shields, against his wife with a Mr. Wilson—being made absolute.

It is alleged that Mr. Evans by his behaviour conduced to his wife's misconduct. This Mr. Evans denies.

On behalf of the King's Proctor it was stated that Mr. Evans had fallen under the displeasure of his Bishop on allegations of insobriety and also "other conduct," which led to his having to give up his living.

For the Sake of the Children.

In 1882, the respondent in the case, then a girl of fifteen, entered the service of Mr. Evans's first wife as a waiting maid at St. Mark's Vicarage, South Shields.

She remained for nine months, and then left, returning again in 1888. She stayed until April, 1890. In the same year Mrs. Evans died, and six weeks afterwards Mr. Evans sent for the respondent to return to his service. She did so, and he proposed marriage to her.

Certain statements having been about this time made to the bishop, the latter wrote to the vicar for an explanation. Mr. Evans told the girl that this would be a serious matter for him, and persuaded her to sign a document that he was not the father of her child.

That apparently satisfied the bishop, and the matter dropped. Several other children were born at subsequent periods, and were brought up and educated at the vicarage.

In the year 1895 the girl consented to be married to Mr. Evans for the sake of the children, though she was aware of his drunken habits. The marriage took place at Mr. Evans's own church, and in the register he described her as a widow, although he knew she was not.

Deprived of Holy Orders.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners taking action some time later, Mr. Evans was summoned before the Chancellor of the diocese, when certain charges preferred against him were found proved, with the result that he was deposed from his living, and subsequently deprived of holy orders. After this the family lived in various parts of England, but during the whole time Mr. Evans, it is alleged, neglected his wife and children, and contributed very little towards their support. He threatened and abused her, and ultimately she left him.

She made the acquaintance of Mr. Wilson, who was the co-respondent in the divorce suit brought by Mr. Evans, and he proposed marriage, but she told him that she was already married.

In July, 1902, Mr. Evans brought his divorce petition, and a decree nisi was granted. It is to prevent this decree being made absolute that the King's Proctor has intervened.

Mrs. Evans, in giving evidence yesterday, stated that when her husband was acting as locum tenens at All Saints Church, Lower Edmonton, he used to come home the worse for drink. Most of the money he received in response to letters he had written to people he spent in drink.

The hearing of the case was adjourned.

THE BRIEF BAG.

"Legislature," said Mr. Everett of the South-Western Police Court, "never intended a magistrate to be a mixture between a sanitary inspector and an architect."

Parents should provide fireguards to protect their children. Coroner Dr. Thomas stated yesterday that in two years 1,600 children had been burnt to death by accidents at the hearth.

A woman who informed Southwark Police Court yesterday that "I don't suffer with very good health," completely failed to appreciate the laughter which followed the remark.

General Sir Seymour Blayne, who has failed, for the third time, for £12,201, appeared at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, and attributed his bankruptcy to losses in various undertakings.

Owing to a professional error an exceptionally dangerous burglar and expert safe opener, Abraham Rogozinski, obtained four years' penal servitude and two years' police supervision yesterday.

Howard Heywood, lecturer, was absent from Clerkenwell yesterday, but, in Judge Edge's opinion, he knew the ropes—he was sure to inquire how the summons went off. Howard's "how" was £2 a month.

"They won't take the trouble to learn the language, and so are a nuisance to everybody," Dr. Wynn Westcott exclaimed at an inquest yesterday, on learning that an alien who had been in this country eleven years could speak no English.

The Dowager Countess of Roslyn's creditors were defeated at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday that a proposal had been lodged for the payment of 10s., and subject to certain contingencies of 12s. or 15s. in the pound. The Countess's Stock Exchange losses amounted to £34,419 since May, 1900.

The Young City Redskin Maintains the Traditional Unconcern of His Tribe and is Remanded With a View to Ascertaining Whether His Intellect is Quite Sound.

The boy Thomas Schutz, who is charged with having wielded an axe to the detriment of his employer, Mr. Wilmott Ernest Lane, secretary of various companies in Cannon-street, was again placed in the dock at the Mansion House yesterday morning.

Mr. Lane, who has now all but recovered from his injuries, was present, and gave the lad a good character. So far he had always regarded Schutz as quiet and inoffensive, and, though the lad had been in his employ for two and a half years, there had never been the slightest difference between them.

Schutz, a trifle paler than before, listened to the evidence with attention and evident interest. His manner was quite calm.

When he last appeared in court he had made a statement to the effect that it was not he but a mysterious stranger who had so murderously assaulted Mr. Lane.

This story was refuted by the first witness called, Miss Zephia Sanders, a typist employed at the offices of the Electric Lighting and Traction Company of Australia, of which Mr. Lane is the secretary.

She related that she heard a terrible scream at ten minutes to eleven on the morning of the occurrence. Opening her door, which led into the inquiry office, she saw Schutz coming from Mr. Lane's room.

She asked him what was the matter, but he made no reply, and walked past her into the corridor. He had no hat on at the time.

She had seen no one else enter or leave the offices.

Nor had Mr. Lane, who next described how he was attacked by the boy.

On the morning of the assault he had had a conversation with Schutz just five minutes before

concealed by his body. The object appeared to be brown.

Schutz came towards him, and handed him a letter, marked "Wait answer," with his left hand. This was afterwards found to contain a sheet of plain paper only. Schutz said, "The messenger is waiting for a reply."

Mr. Lane started to open the letter, the boy meanwhile standing at his right side. Some force was necessary to withdraw the contents of the envelope, and it was on the point of coming out when he lost consciousness.

"I felt nothing and knew nothing," he said; "my memory was a blank." Up to the time he lost consciousness it would be possible for a man to come into the room without his noticing it.

He next remembered finding himself on the floor, and could not see where the blows came from. He felt some blows on his arm, he dropped on to his knees, and, looking up, saw Schutz throw something at him, but whether it hit him or not he could not say. Schutz then left the room and closed the door.

No One But Schutz.

"I saw no one in the room from beginning to end except Schutz," Mr. Lane added. "I did not see the axe until I had regained consciousness."

Dr. Charles Reginald Howard, house-surgeon at Guy's, said that two of the cuts might have been serious, and that another had penetrated Mr. Lane's skull.

This witness was followed by the managing director of the firm which had supplied the axe-head. The handle had been roughly cut down, and the head had been fitted by someone who was hardly an expert.

Mr. Leycester said that on a future occasion the great handwriting expert, Mr. Guerin, would be called to give evidence as to the handwriting on the



The boy Schutz does not look a dangerous customer.

the occurrence. The conversation related to certain instructions concerning business matters, and Schutz appeared to be the same as usual.

At ten minutes to eleven Schutz knocked at his office door and came in, without shutting the door behind him. The boy had a letter in his left hand, and he noticed something in his right hand, but he could not see what it was, as it was partly

envelope, and also on the brown paper which contained the axe.

Mr. Newton called no witnesses and did not apply for bail, as he said he wished the prisoner, for obvious reasons, to be under the observation of the prison authorities.

Alderman Pound then committed the prisoner for trial.

GLOVED BURGLARS.

The police have, it is said, information in their possession which may lead to the conviction of the gloved burglars who broke into Lady Mary Currie's, Clewer Hill, near Windsor.

Over £500 worth of jewellery, mostly wedding presents, was carried off while the family were at dinner. It was discovered that the burglars wore gloves to avoid finger-print impressions. The glove marks on the windows and doors were taken to Scotland Yard, but nothing could be made of them.

One of the men supposed to have been engaged in the affair has been recognised. The stolen jewellery was sold by the thieves for £150, but the man who purchased it is believed to have fled the country.

THREE KILLED THIS YEAR.

Jno. McConnachie, aged 68, lost his life yesterday while engaged in coupling an empty wagon at Keith Junction.

While McConnachie was passing between the stationary and moving waggons he tripped on the rail and received fatal injuries. This is the third fatality at Keith Junction since the New Year.

STRANGE STORY OF ARSON.

Corwen has not for many months been provided with such a sensation as that afforded yesterday, when Peter Roberts, a local farmer, was charged with arson.

The story told to the Bench was that while a farmer named David Jones was away from his farm spending his honeymoon at Tynlleth, a place only half a mile distant, Roberts set Jones's farm on fire. A brother-in-law of the prosecutor in the falling light met a man leaving the farm, whom he swore was Roberts. The latter, he said, ran away towards his home.

No explanation could be given for the alleged incendiarism. The prosecutor's father-in-law declared that he had received threatening letters, but some of his relatives stated that all the parties were friendly.

The magistrates considered the evidence insufficient and dismissed the case.

REPRIEVED FOR LIFE!

Adolph Dumpier, the German butcher who was sentenced to death for the murder of his infant son, will be respited with a view to his being sent to penal servitude for life.

Indiscreet Laughter in the Gallery Makes Mr. Wright and His Counsel Cross.

For the second successive day Mr. Wright yesterday spent six hours on his legs in the witness-box in King's Bench Court VIII. During all these six hours Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., stood also. The intellectual duello, begun Tuesday between cross-examining expert lawyer and cross-examined financial expert, lasted through the whole of another day.

Mr. Wright did not maintain the admirable general composure that had distinguished the six hours of his sojourn in the box. An untimely outburst of laughter, which was not, however, a gallery, unappreciative of the points of finance, actually laughed at Mr. Wright.

What made this so regrettable from his point of view was that the gallery did not laugh when Mr. Wright made clever and humorous remarks, but laughed when Mr. Wright was endeavouring to give financial instruction.

It was through a remark made by Mr. Justice Bigham that the epidemic of laughter broke out. Wright's expense first arose. Mr. Wright had cleared up a difficulty with regard to a sum of £250,000, which, by the advice of Lord Glave had passed from the London and Globe



Mr. Lane describes his peculiar sensations.

Standard. Why did this £250,000 still remain in a Globe asset in the Globe's balance sheet? he asked.

At the conclusion of Mr. Wright's explanation Mr. Justice Bigham said, "It comes to this, you manipulated the figures." "It comes to this, you manipulated the figures," he said.

Then there was an outburst of innocent, and not concerning, laughter.

Mr. Wright looked very annoyed, and Mr. Lawson Walton, his counsel, said, "The latter was to his feet and protested."

"My lord," he said, "I must protest against this. The explanation seems perfectly clear."

Very affably the Judge poured oil on the fire, and to protest against ridicule being cast on the explanation. It is neither a manipulation nor a

ridiculous explanation."

Judge Tries to Pacify Counsel.

Mr. Justice Bigham endeavoured to smooth matters over with his usual tact. He pointed out that it was better that he, the Judge, should say what was in his mind, so that counsel would

meet it.

Still Mr. Walton was not satisfied. It was extremely embarrassing for an advocate to be

sit and listen to an explanation being given amid the merriment of the gallery, he declared.

Very affably the Judge poured oil on the fire, and to protest against ridicule being cast on the explanation. It is neither a manipulation nor a

ridiculous explanation."

There was some excuse for yet more laughter later in the day. The gallery thought that Mr. Wright had forgiven it, and that he was

his forgiveness by making an intentional mistake. Many of Mr. Wright's retorts that he was

able, and it was only occasionally that he made an instructive reply. One of these

was in the early part of the day, when he said that a misstatement of his at a London and Globe meeting was due to "a slip of the tongue at the meetings," he added.

The cross-examination of Mr. Wright, which has been so exceptionally cross in parts, remained unconcluded when the Court rose.



OUR REPRESENTATIVE GOES IN SEARCH OF A MEAL OF CHAMBERLAIN'S HORSE F

In the beginning of the last century our people were not so fond of the great French nation as we are now. Now we are to think of them as much more than they were in the past. As much as we think of them as the matter of the horse steak, waiter. No

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HORSEFLESH MEALS FOR ZONDONERS



OUR REPRESENTATIVE GOES IN SEARCH OF A MEAL OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HORSE FLESH.

In the beginning of the last century our people used to eat and talk of the great French nation as frogs. Now we are to think and speak of the Germans as horse-eating Germans. I do not know how much truth there may be in the story. I am sure that if we examined the matter we should find that as much horse flesh was consumed here—
Mr. Chamberlain at the Guildhall.

I started through reading Mr. Chamberlain's speech at breakfast.

Horse flesh was a regular item of diet in this country, it was time one tried it, and a *Daily* representative accordingly set out at lunch with the intention of having a horse steak for his meal.

The first question was the question—Prince's or the water handed the menu with a deferential nod, but the representative did not look at it.

"I want a horse steak, waiter. Not overdone, sir. Beefsteak, sir?"

"No! A horse steak."

"I will ask the chef!" and he fled like a mad dog.

The Manager Firm.

There was a moment's anxious discussion in the kitchen, the head waiter, and a horrified expression before he reappeared, looking red in the face and very disconcerted.

"No, sir, the chef says it is impossible. He will not cook such a business, even if he have a horse. He is artist."

There was no getting over that. It settled the question of where to lunch. It would have to be the fashion, and our hungry reporter hurried

"Waiter, I want a horse steak and —"

"Oh, sir, I do not think — but I will see the chef," stammered the astounded waiter as his hands

went up over his head and his shoulders jumped to his ears in horror.

The wait for that steak was long enough to be encouraging, and a keen imagination pictured it sizzling on a silver — perhaps even a golden or platinum — grill, but the dream was rudely dispelled by a small boy in uniform.

"Please, sir, would you speak to the manager in his office." The steak began to disappear in the distance.

The manager was quite decided on the question. "I have never heard of such a thing as eating horse flesh in England," he said, very gently, as though he were humouring someone of doubtful intellect. "And then our chef! Just think of his feelings. Perhaps in Soho you might get a horse steak. But here! Oh dear no!" and his hands, like the waiter's, went up in pious horror.

No Luck in Soho.

Fiscal explanations were useless. Mr. Chamberlain's statement was unavailing. He had never heard of such a thing. Obviously, horse was not to be had there, but Soho was near—Soho chefs are not exactly squeamish.

Soho then let it be, and a now depressed and very hungry reporter bustled off up the Haymarket, buoyed up by hope and a faint memory of a long-ago breakfast.

Clearly horse steak was not to be expected on an ordinary menu, so a restaurant where the dishes were "à la carte" was the one to seek.

It does not take long to find a restaurant of any kind in Soho, for they seem to be dotted down every five yards, and, in fact, an "embarras de richesses" wasted some now all-important minutes.

When the choice was made the same old question was asked. Once more an astonished waiter gasped in dismay, and in his agitation carefully deposited the tray he was carrying on the top of an artificial fern, for fear he might drop it.

Perhaps he did not understand English. "Garçon, donnez-moi un—un—comment dit-on?—un beefsteak de cheval."

But this lucid explanation did not seem to do any good, nor did insistence make matters any better, and he, in his turn, departed to consult the authorities in the kitchen.

"The cook?"—they don't have chefs in Soho—"he says that he cannot understand what you can mean, serr. He not have such, but he have fine chicken casserole," was all he could say when he returned.

The only thing to do was to send for the

manager, and he came, for in Soho the manager comes to you; you do not go to him, even when you ask for horse steak.

But the horse steak was no nearer. Such a thing was unknown in Soho. Perhaps with a day's notice he might get one, but even then he was not certain. In thirty years he had never heard of such a thing, but he would try. But what would the waiters say?

Where to go next? Soho was clearly far too superior. There was no use expecting a horse steak in a neighbourhood where a five-course dinner costs as much as eightpence.

Lockhart's and "Pearce and Plenty" seemed to be the next step in the social scale, and our now literally ravenous reporter made the necessary step in quest of his elusive lunch.

At Last!

It did not take long to find out that at neither of those two economical and useful establishments was a horse steak to be had, and our reporter was given some advice which was terse and to the point.

"You go and try a knacker's, guv'ner. You'll get one there, right enough."

Our reporter consulted a directory. Once more there was an "embarras de richesses," for there are a column and a half of dealers in horse meat in London.

Dealers in horse meat do not carry on business in the main West End thoroughfares, and our

went in and learned that a dealer in horse meat and a "cats' meat man" are one and the same thing.

"Never heard tell of anyone eatin' 'oss. No, not in thirty years," said the proud owner, who was slicing up a large brown chunk of meat, and fixing it on little wooden skewers.

"I reckon it's not good for anything but cats and dogs. You see, an 'oss ain't got no gall, and gall's what keeps the blood good."

"Besides, an 'oss ain't got no brain."

"Tuppence 'apenny a pound we sell it at, and all ready cooked, too. That's cheap enough."

Our reporter's only excuse is that he was really very hungry!

But what becomes of the eighty tons of horse-flesh which is sold every week in London? Surely it is not all eaten by cats and dogs.

ANOTHER WAIL FROM AFRICA.

Women Should Not Accept Places Without a Contract.

There is trouble and alarm among the lady colonists in South Africa. It arises from the summary dismissal of Mrs. Stoddart, superintendent of the Alexandra Club, in Johannesburg, which was started last May to provide accommodation for the business women in the city.

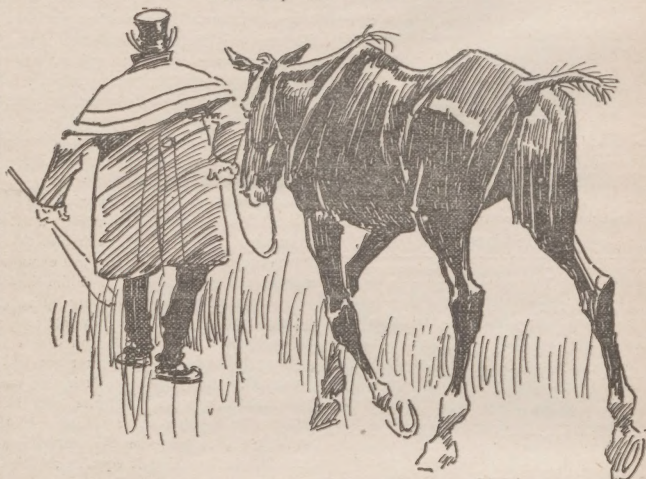
Mrs. Stoddart was selected by the club committee for the post of superintendent. She appears to have made the members a little too comfortable to suit the financial condition of the club, and as a result she was told one morning her successor would arrive the next day. Having no written agreement, she had to be content with a month's salary and retire.

The organising secretary for the South African Colonisation Society, who sent Mrs. Stoddart out, yesterday explained the situation to a *Daily Mirror* representative.

"I am sure Mrs. Stoddart never asked for a written agreement," said the secretary, "and therefore, as she was paid monthly, a month's salary was thought sufficient notice."

"People from England who do not safeguard

HORSE, SIR? YESSIR!



A meal in sight.

reporter, now faint and starving, set out to find one in a back street.

He found one, but though almost overcome, he made a fresh start and tottered on to the next address, for the dealer in horse flesh proved to be merely a "cat's meat" man.

Luckily it was not far, but there also there were no appetising-looking joints, no clean butcher's counter, but only another "cat's meat" shop, with a crowd of anxious cats sniffing round the doorway.

It was too late to go farther, and our reporter

themselves with a written agreement for at least a three months' notice have only themselves to blame."

Mrs. Stoddart's friends, however, think she has been made the scapegoat for the extravagant expenditure by the committee before she took over her duties. They also charge the committee with giving Mrs. Stoddart no reason for her dismissal, and treating her with less consideration than a servant.

The ladies in Johannesburg are all in a flutter lest they should meet with similar treatment. One of them, writing to the "Transvaal Critic," warns other ladies at home not to come out unless they have a certain post, a good salary, and what is most important, a written agreement.

THE ELUSIVE MULLAH.

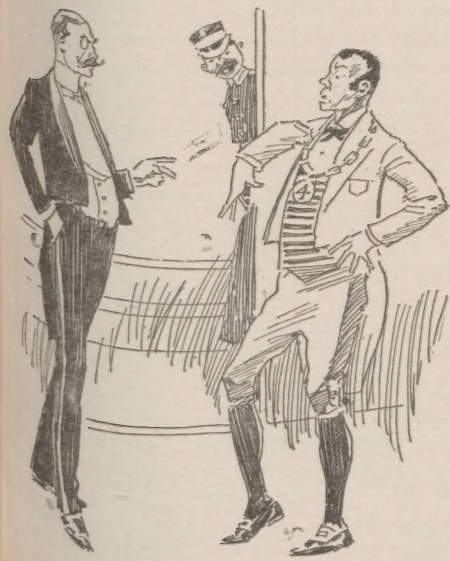
Fears That He May Yet Give General Egerton the Slip.

Though General Egerton's defeat of the Somali-Mullah's forces has considerably improved the position of affairs, it is extremely doubtful whether, owing to the natural difficulties of the country, he will be able to follow up his success so as to ensure the capture of the Mullah.

When Sir Charles advances again he will encounter very great difficulties, owing to the waterless character of the country to the south of Jiddah, the scene of the recent victory. The only troops who will be able to follow up the Mullah are Somali levies, no regular troops, either British or Indian, being able to cross the waterless country.

The necessary length of communications will be a great source of weakness, the long line of the Mullah's forces melting away, it is feared he may take a dhow across to Arabia, or fly to the south towards the East African Protectorate. The Abyssinian allies may not be able to cut off his retreat, owing to the difficulty of supplying their men and animals with food.

At St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, yesterday afternoon, a memorial service was held for Captain the Hon. Thomas Lister, son of Lord Ribblesdale, who was killed in the recent battle in Somaliland. The Rev. R. H. Hadden, hon. chaplain to the King, officiated. Among the distinguished congregation were Lord and Lady Ribblesdale and the other members of the family.



No horse steak?—Preposterous!



A prime steak at last.

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JOSEPH ENTANGLED.
By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 8.15 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

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Box Office now open.

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REAPPEARANCE OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
and the St. James's Company, including Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, E. Lyall Swete, E. Vivian Reynolds, Ernest Leicester, H. R. Hignett, and Madames Eleanor Aickin, Frances Wetherall, and Miss Lilian Brathwaite.

OLD HEIDELBERG. MATINEES.
WEDNESDAY NEXT, January 27, and every following
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box Office now open.

SKATING FETE and ICE CARNIVAL
IN AID OF
THE UNION JACK CLUB

will be held at the
NATIONAL SKATING PALACE,
ARGYLE STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS,
on
FEBRUARY 4th, 1904.
Under the Patronage of
H.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,
who have graciously consented to be present.
Afternoon Fete at 3 p.m. Admission 10s. 6d.
Evening Carnival at 10 p.m. Admission One Guinea.
There will be Skating Exhibitions and General Skating
both Afternoon and Evening. In the Evening 12 Prizes
will be offered for the best and most Original Costumes.
Supper by Benoit.

COMMITTEE.
Chairman, THE LORD REDESDALE, G.Y.O. C.B.
The Duchess of Bedford.
The Countess of Derby.
The Countess Howe.
The Countess of Donoughmore.
The Viscountess Falmouth.
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The Lady Trevelyan.
The Lady Helen Vincent.
The Hon. Mrs. Derek Kippell.
Lady Ward.
Lady Hamilton.
Mrs. George Cornwallis West.
Mrs. H. Grenander.
Mrs. Arthur Hurren.
Miss Alfred Hurren.
Mrs. Adrian Hope.
Miss E. McCall, R.R.C.
Mrs. Alfred Spender.

Major Arthur Haggard (Secretary).
The Union Jack Club Office,
Carlton-street, Regent-street, S.W.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

LOST your looks? Lost your lover? Use "Hinde's Curlers" both recover.

SEEDER'S HAIR DYE.—Absolutely perfect, natural, washable, permanent.

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The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day which includes postage, payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 6d.; for three months, 9s. 6d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year, 39s. To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

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The Daily Mirror.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The Curse of Education.

The Governor of the State of Mississippi appears to be one of the few sensible people left in the world who have the courage of their convictions. He has just declared with emphasis that to educate the negro, as the Americans are educating him, is not merely a negative futility, but a positive evil. The more "civilised" he becomes, the more rein does he give to his criminal propensities, and he even develops propensities which in a state of recognised inferiority would never afflict him at all.

Treat the negro kindly but firmly, and he is, according to his lights and ability, a useful member of society. Teach him that all men are equal, and give him just enough smattering of knowledge to make him think he is omniscient, and he very quickly becomes a Hooligan and—stay, what are we writing about, negroes in the United States or young Britons from the poorer quarters of our cities here at home? It is true we began about negroes, but does not the moral apply in either case? Have we not just as much to learn as the Americans about the real meaning of equality and the true use of education?

There is a good deal more than there seemed at first sight to be in the remark of a speaker at a recent education conference that the basis of education ought to be manners. In other words, you must appeal to the heart even more than to the head. The chief fault of modern attempts at education is that they leave the heart of the pupil out of the account altogether. That fact, coupled with our failure to awaken his intellectual faculties to any extent, is accountable both for the criminal negro and the Hooligan. We are, in fact, developing races both of whites and of blacks which have no respect for God or man, and which get beyond control as soon as they think they are out of reach of the policeman.

The remedy lies in a complete overhauling of our educational system. The ideal ought to be a little simple education for all, with the chance offered to anyone who has ability to get more—as much more as he can show himself able to profit by. Even a far-off approach to this ideal would go a long way towards solving both the negro problem in America and the Hooligan problem here.

THE KISS OF REVERENCE.

A Berlin paper tells an amusing story of a meeting between Eleonora Duse and the veteran German painter, Adolf Menzel. When La Duse visited Menzel's studio the great little man received her with the somewhat brusque cordiality characteristic of him. When she left she showed her veneration for Menzel's unique genius by lifting the master's hand to her lips and reverently kissing it.

Menzel's expression of utter amazement was very droll. When the actress had swept out of the room the old painter turned to a friend and said: "I say, Meyerheim, I suppose I ought to have done that."

VERY HARD TO PLEASE.

"Men," said the Bachelor Girl with conviction, "are much more inconsistent than women."

The Bachelor Girl was twenty-five and pretty; but because she lived in a flat all by herself, and earned her own living and scorned conventions, she considered herself qualified to lay down the law on all matters concerning men and women.

Also, because she was twenty-five and pretty, it pleased the Bachelor Man to listen to her laying down the law, even though he did not take her strictures on his sex seriously to heart. Therefore he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, moved the chair into a position in which he could get a better view of his lecturer, and prepared to enjoy himself.

"You have deprived us of nearly every qualification that is usually attributed to my unfortunate sex," he responded, "but I thought at least you might have left us the virtue of being consistent."

"Look at your attitude with regard to women, for instance. What could be more inconsistent?"

"As far as I know I am perfectly consistent in my attitude, as you call it."

"I am not talking about you personally, I am discussing men in general."

"Well, discuss men in general. Where do we fail?"

Always in the Wrong.

The Bachelor Girl turned her foot in the freelight so that the flame caught the reflection of the buckle of her patent leather shoe, and regarded it with interest.

"Whatever we do you are never satisfied," she said, "if we are useless and helpless you abuse us; if we are energetic and capable of looking after ourselves you call us masculine and fast. If we curl our hair you call us vain; if we leave it straight you think us dowdy. If we spend time and money on dress you complain of extravagance; yet, if we wear common-sense clothes, you call us frumps and pass by on the other side. If we wear long skirts you say we are street sweepers, and endangering the public health; when we wear rational garments you turn up your eyes in holy horror. 'If we try to keep young and dye our hair, you call us Jeezels; as soon as we are admittedly old you cease to be interested in us. If we wear high heels you sneer at us for frivolity and silliness; yet, if we adopt square-toed low-heeled boots, you say our feet are like beetle crushers. If we do not work you say we are idle and useless; yet, if we do work, you write letters to the papers complaining that women are taking the bread out of men's mouths; if we—"

"Suppose you stop, and let me take these things one at a time, instead of all at once," said the Bachelor Man, who had been opening and shutting his mouth in vain attempts to get words in edgeways.

Common-Sense at Last.

"If we have good figures you say we are tight-laced; yet if we don't wear stays—"

The Bachelor Man uttered a shocked exclamation.

"Don't be an idiot!—If we don't wear stays, you say we are blowsy and untidy. If we don't like to get our feet wet and our hair out of curl, and our hats spoiled, you jeer because we have no common-sense; yet, if we wear collars and ties, shoot and fish, play hockey and cricket, you call us hoydens. If we read novels and smile at men you call us frivolous flirts; if we are serious minded, and read Darwin and all that, you call us blue-stockings."

"Shall I tell you one thing?" asked the Bachelor Man, as she stopped for sheer want of breath.

"If it is anything sensible, yes; if it is silly, no."

"It is quite sensible—absolutely plain common-sense."

"Well, what is it?"

"That I think you have the prettiest mouth I ever saw in my life, and I should like to listen to you talking about men always."

"I thought I had told you, not once, but a hundred and fifty times, that I will not have you come here and talk nonsense to me," said the Bachelor Girl, crossly.

"I am not talking nonsense; I am giving you a proof of the fact that in some things I am consistent, and that is one of them—my opinion of you."

The Bachelor Girl made a gesture of haughty disdain.

All's Well that Hangs Well!

"And another thing," continued the Bachelor Man, hurriedly, in case she should speak again before he had time to say what he wished. "I think that dress is quite the most becoming I have ever seen in you, and fits perfectly."

"Oh, do you think it does?" said the Bachelor Girl earnestly. "I was rather afraid that it did not hang quite right—I can't quite see, you know—but I thought the skirt rather flapped over in the wrong way at the back—you know what I mean?"

"Oh, no, not a bit of it," said the Bachelor Man, with conviction, though he did not know in the least what she meant. "It is quite perfect."

Whereupon the Bachelor Girl smiled upon him and forgave him for being a man.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

Mr. Edison hopes soon to enable those who are talking through a telephone to see into another's faces by electric reflection.

The Mayor and Deputy Mayor of Dover have acknowledged having committed bribery at the recent elections. Corruption in the Sink Ports!

A race at Wye was won yesterday by a horse called Dam. Those who had backed other horses pronounced the winner's name with surprising emphasis.

In a sensational assault case it was stated in evidence that the victim's skull had been dated by an axe. In spite of this the magistrate refused to look upon the affair as an accident.

Dr. Sophus Bang has discovered that tubercle bacilli are killed by six minutes' exposure to a strong electric arc light. The flashlight cure for consumption is sure to go with a bang.

A use has been found at last for the numerous foreign members of the Cobden Club. They will be called upon to give evidence at the Duke of Devonshire's inquiry into the blessings of one-sided free trade.

The latest development of the Irish millenium is said to be the formation of a new club in London called the Ireland Club. "Ireland" is distinctly happy, for "Irish Club" would have suggested blackthorns at once even to the Saxon mind.

In order to pacify the Poles the Kaiser proposes to build a castle at Posen—everyone knows how fond the Kaiser is of possums—live among his henceforth-to-be-happier contented subjects. The Poles, however, still preserve a stiff and unbending attitude.

The McGill University at Montreal has added to its curriculum a course of railway management. Season-ticket holders in the S.E. and Chatham lines are getting up in scriptum in order to enable the directors to the concern to graduate.

A contemporary protests with good reason against the hideously common-place lamp-posts which have been erected along the Processional Road. It may be asked why designers of such things cling so tenaciously to the old lamp-post. The answer is said to be obvious.

Actors are on strike throughout Spain in protest against the election of an unpopular ecclesiastic to the Archbishopric of Valencia. How surprised we should be if Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Beerbohm Tree were both to extend work because they disapproved of Dr. Ramon Davidson.

The Finnish papers are crying out more over the open violation by the Russian Government of his Majesty's pledges concerning the ancient rights of their country. The Tsar is much distressed, but he is too busy to look into the matter. When he has finished evacuating Manchuria he will doubtless redeem his pledges in Finland.

With the thermometer below zero New Yorkers have had to resort to wearing heavy mufflers. The result is that they cannot hear each other remark how cold it is, and intercourse is at a complete standstill.

With all other outdoor employment, this country would be only too glad to exempt once a temperature that would have the effect of freezing out the fiscal question.

Stephenson's dictum that if a cow strayed in front of a train it would be "the worst of the cow" seems to stand in need of modification. A cow encountered a goods train near Chester, and it is hard to say which was the worst of it, for both were mangled and killed beyond recognition, and for a distance of a mile the main line looked like a jumble of rails. There is a moral for motorists in this story.

He was a most conscientious man—his record recoiled from every form of deceit and fraud even unintentional. One day he had been among a handful of change, a badger was with him. This he did not find out until after he had then he carefully placed the "wrong" money in a pocket away from the rest of his money, and forgot all about it. Some days later he was late for an appointment, he hailed a hansom and was driven to his destination. Hastily alighting, he turned to pay the driver. Horror of horrors! He found his hansom empty. Rapidly feeling in all his pockets he to his intense relief he discovered the "wrong" florin. Not remembering it was the badger who he had put aside, he gladly handed it to the jehu, asking for a shilling change. He gave the shilling, whipped up his steed, and drove off.

In a flash, the conscientious man recoiled with horror the fact of the coin he had been given being spurious. Turning, and wildly waving the hansom, gesticulating, and wildly waving the driver. Cabby, looking round, disappeared in a horse into a gallop, and disappeared in a change!

DRAYMAN INHERITS £2,000,000.

PENNYLESS MILLIONAIRE IN LONDON.

Francis Wood was a London drayman—a jolly, well-mannered fellow, who drove his cart loaded with jolly barrels of good brown beer day in, day out.

For thirty years he had been in the same employ, and six months more would see him pensioned. The drayman is the king of the high road. Even the motor omnibus driver makes way for him.

The row of barrels is just on a level with the windows, and many a drayman has "broadened" the glass of a too forward bus driver.

Wood, pursuing his cheerful calling, lorded it over the London streets for many years, and it seemed as though he would keep the box seat of his cart till the six months were out and pensioned. But this was not to be.

Last but the London papers created some confusion by printing a statement to the effect that a drayman named Francis Wood, employed by the brewery of Messrs. Watney, Combe, and Watson and living at 66, Castle-street, Long Acre, had inherited a huge fortune worth at least a million and a half sterling.

But this announcement was a trifle premature. Wood, it is true, had been promised some such thing, and that promise it was which led to his trouble.

The Mysterious Stranger.

From a typical figure, high-perched, hearty, and robust, a well-favoured drayman of the London streets, he has been reduced to penury and want by a conspiracy to which he holds no clue.

Some four months back, while absent on his rounds, a stranger called at the brewery where Wood was employed, and asked whether a drayman of that name worked there. He was furnished with Wood's address and straightway wrote to the victim asking him to call at the Hotel Russell.

The evening arrived, and Wood, clad in his usual coat and cap, set out for the hotel. The stranger was waiting on the look-out for him, as, no sooner had Wood mounted the steps that lead into the building than a man, who described himself as a solicitor, addressed him by name,

obtained from the sale of the few bits of furniture he possessed in Castle-street, Long-acre.

A day passed—two days, and the solicitor had not arrived. Wood now became anxious. For the Oratava was to sail on the following day, and no one, not even the clerks at the shipping office, had heard or seen anything of the mysterious solicitor.

Nor had any passages been booked that might be regarded as belonging to this particular couple.

Now Wood became alarmed. At the Hotel Russell he had signed a document which, so the other said, was an I.O.U. for their passage-money. He had put his name down, sure of the other's good faith, and now it occurred to him that, perhaps, he had set his signature to something other than a mere receipt.

He waited on in Plymouth, hoping against hope.

Slept in the Streets.

Three days, four days passed—a week, and the best part of another week. The poor fellow was at the end of his money and his wits, and no "solicitor" had met him as arranged.

At last, in despair, he set out on foot to make the journey back to London.

Past middle-age, unused to walking, the once lordly drayman trudged the Portsmouth road for many days. Sometimes his strength gave way, and he had to take shelter in the workhouses on his line of march. Sometimes he earned a night's lodging by doing rough work on a farm.

Last Tuesday evening, footsore, weary, and unkempt, he dragged himself back to the old home in Castle-street.

It lay empty and forlorn, as empty and forlorn as Wood himself.

It was his dream to return with the wealth he had been promised and buy this tiny house—"cottage," he calls it—that had been the scene of so many years of humble comfort and well-being.

Last night and the night before he would have had to sleep in the streets had it not been for the kindness of a former "mate" at the brewery.

Yesterday he applied to Mr. Fenwick at Bow-street to help him find the missing solicitor who had been the source and mainspring of his reduction to a penniless out-of-work.

The stranger had refused to give his name, although Wood had asked for it repeatedly. "Trust in me," he had said. And Wood has trusted.



Francis Wood, drayman, millionaire and pauper.



"The Cottage" which Francis Wood had saved for years to purchase.

He asked the simple fellow to accompany him to the hotel. The stranger questioned Wood as to his parents and grandparents, and held out hopes of a change of fortunes.

On these different occasions Wood met and consulted the affable "solicitor," who had a case of important-looking documents, which he consulted as he put his questions.

"Congratulate You."

"You're my man," he said at last, "and you've come 12,000 miles to find me, my friend. You're Francis Wood, the only living relative of an old lady—no, you've never heard of her, but she sent me over to London to bring you to me. You're her heir, my friend—and you're in good earnest. The estate of your unknown father is worth anything from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000. I congratulate you, Francis Wood."

Wood told him that he could draw on him for £2,000, and he had already had £2 before from this mysterious benefactor, who, in addition, now promised him a set of false teeth, and had him from an evening suit. A few days hence he was to sail for Australia, as first-class passenger on the Royal Mail s.s. Oratava.

Wood had his instructions. He was to go to the Oratava, where the Australian would join him on the vessel. He was to wait for the vessel at the Oratava, where the Australian would join him on the vessel.

Wood took train for Plymouth. He waited patiently, living on the rest of the small sum of money he had

The meaning of this strange riddle has not been divulged. Why Wood was played upon and ruined no one but those immediately concerned can tell, and they are silent.

In the game called life there are innumerable battalions of pawns; of obscure, insignificant pieces that are pushed hither and thither by the master players. Like the private soldier in the battlefield they fall, advance, retreat without knowing the why or the wherefore of their motion. One such pathetic piece is Francis Wood.

ELECTION PETITION SURPRISE.

The Dover municipal election petition case took a sensational turn yesterday, for, after the resumption of the hearing, Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., who appeared for the defence, stated that, having heard the evidence, and in the light of inquiries, he could not resist the application for declaring the election void.

The petition has been brought by ex-Councillor Chitty with a view to unseating Councillors A. T. Walmisley, the mayor, and W. G. Lewis, the deputy-mayor, on the ground of general bribery and treating.

For the Public Prosecutor witnesses alleged to have been implicated in the bribery, were examined, but they maintained that the money was paid out of their funds, as they were strongly against the petitioner, who is a temperance lecturer.

Sir William Crundall, Chairman of the Conservative Committee, absolutely denied having given money for distribution, and the candidates gave similar denials.

Judgment will be given to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain left London for Birmingham yesterday.

LORD TENNYSON'S FAREWELL.

Lord Tennyson, the retiring Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, has, prior to his departure for England, sent a cordial farewell message to the Prime Minister and people.

"Although, for many reasons," he said, "we are glad to be going home, still, Lady Tennyson and I leave with unfeigned sorrow, for we have spent in your midst five most happy and interesting years."

"No one appreciates more the noble qualities of the Australians, their loyalty, warm-heartedness, and true generosity. We will ever remember your sympathy and beg you to keep us in affectionate memory. Good-bye. God prosper you."—Reuter.

"BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN."

The extraordinary fact was revealed during the trial of Charles Melville, who appeared in the dock at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, attired in the uniform of a private in the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, that last year he was sent to three months' imprisonment for theft, and yet was taken back to his regiment upon his release.

Mr. Rentoul, K.C., the chairman, asked an officer of the regiment, who was in court, "Can you tell me how it is that a man convicted of felony was kept in the regiment?" The lieutenant answered, "I think he was given another chance."

Melville has now been sent to prison for six months for a theft in Bloomsbury.

STRANGE TRICKS OF MEMORY.

Most singular is the case of the man who lost his memory in Cheapside and was removed to the City of London Infirmary.

While there his memory suddenly returned; he gave his name and address, and immediately forgot all about himself once more.

It was yesterday ascertained that the name given was the correct one, and that he is Richard Cooke, aged sixty, a newsagent and stationer, carrying on business in Birmingham.

Last Friday he left home apparently for the purpose of transacting business in Birmingham, but did not return. How he reached London is still unexplained.

WRONG CERTIFICATE AND RUIN.

The ruin which Mr. Justice Grantham was informed yesterday had overtaken the dressmaking business of Mrs. Salisbury, a dressmaker, living in Lamb's Conduit-street, was attributed to a strange cause. A Dr. Gould had certified that her child was suffering from small-pox when such was not the case, and this had been responsible for the collapse of her business.

Dr. Gould admitted giving an incorrect certificate, but denied that he was in any way negligent.

The action which Mrs. Salisbury is now bringing against the doctor for damages was not concluded when the court rose for the day.



Francis Wood driving a brewer's dray.

The PLATO COMPANY, 7, Waithman Street, London, E.C.

FROCKS AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

FASCINATING COSTUMES IN MR. H.
A. JONES'S NEW PLAY.

A small but decidedly modistic triumph is attained at the Haymarket in the new play there entitled "Joseph Entangled." And, perhaps, it



CROWNS SACRIFICED FOR LOVE.

THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND CHARLES OF AUSTRIA MARRIES A COMMONER AND GIVES UP A THRONE.

The name of the Archduke Ferdinand Charles may shortly be added to the already long list of royal lovers who have sacrificed all that they hold dear, in the ordinary course of nature, hold power, a great name, and possibly a throne—all aspirations to these must go by the board, if, as the Archduke Ferdinand is said to

weightier. Prince Oscar Bernadotte, son of King Oscar of Sweden, set his affections on Froeken Ebba Munck. The King refused consent to the match, but Prince Oscar figuratively snapped his fingers at the royal displeasure and married his innamorata, consent or no consent, thus resigning his right of succession.

With the women of sovereign houses, no less than

with the men, instances of love triumphing over the more material considerations of place and power are manifold.

Again the Imperial house of Austria comes to the fore. The romantic circumstances connected with the ex-Princess Stephanie's marriage with Count Lonyay are still fresh in the mind of the public.

The granddaughter of the Emperor, the Archduchess Elizabeth Marie, married in 1901 Prince Otto von Windischgrätz, who, although bearing the title of Prince, was not of royal blood.

The only daughter of the late Archduke Rudolf preferred a husband of her own choosing to the one selected for her; her mother, Princess Stephanie of Belgium, consoled herself for the tragedy of her first union by following her own inclination in the second; and the Emperor, having given way in these two instances, could scarcely play the hard-hearted tyrant with Countess Salm-Salm and Countess Seefried, both of whom married persons not of the blood royal. And if the lovers of lower station are permitted more or less to follow the voices of their own hearts, who shall rise up and say to those who, though born in a more exalted sphere, are none the less human—"You shall marry for experience, not for love?"

THE IMPREGNABLE SCOT.

Impervious to the Temptation of a Leap Year Proposal.

Last summer a young English girl, who lives almost within sight of Windsor Castle, went to Scotland for her holidays, and met a young Scotsman. There were fond farewells when the visitor went South, but the cautious Scotsman wrote no letters.

With the advent of Leap Year, however, the girl

A PATRIOTIC FAMILY.

DUKE'S SON WHO WAS MISTAKEN FOR AN IRISH PEASANT.

The young Duke of Leinster, who made his debut in society at Lady Marjorie Greville's wedding, is obliged by the terms of his late father's will to spend the greater part of his holidays in Ireland, and it certainly will not be the fault of his uncles, Lord Frederick and Lord Walter FitzGerald, if he does not turn out a patriotic Irishman, as they are absolutely devoted to their country, and endeavour to instil similar ideas into the Duke. Lord Frederick FitzGerald, indeed, is so ultra-Irish that he has of late years gone in for a strong brogue, and frequently in the course of conversation interlards his sentences with "Shure" and other expressions which belong to the typical "stage Irishman," and he astonished an English assistant at a big bazaar in Dublin some two years ago by his clever imitation of the way the lower order in Ireland speak.

Still more surprised, however, was a gentleman who a few years ago came to Kildare for a few days' hunting. One day the hounds were close to Carton, and everyone was invited in for refreshment. The gentleman in question riding up rather late could not see anyone to give his horse to, but noticing near the hall door a man dressed in the neat costume formerly worn by Irish countrymen (now seldom seen), smoking a clay pipe, he called him over and asked would he hold the horse. The man replied he would do so with pleasure, and the gentleman went into the house. Returning soon afterwards he found the animal in charge of a groom to whom the countryman was talking. The latter evidently finished his observations, when, to the gentleman's horror, the groom replied, "Yes, my Lord," and touched his hat. "Who's that?" inquired the visitor anxiously as the countryman walked into the hall, "Surely he is not one of the family?" "He is his Grace's uncle, sir," said the groom quietly.

To-day's Wedding.

The bride of to-day, Miss Beatrice Paget, has had wedding presents literally showered upon her, but none so magnificent as the gift of the Aga Khan, one of the most popular of the Indian princes who came over for the Coronation festivities. This gift is an Indian collar made of a band of native-wrought gold, thickly studded with valuable jewels of wonderful variety and colouring, one of them being the rare "Star stone." The whole collar is bordered on either side by deep bands of pearls, and the clasps are also of pearl.

Curiously enough, since the arrangements for Miss Paget's wedding to Lord Herbert were made, matrimony has depleted the ranks of their attendants. Lady Marjorie Greville, now Lady Helmsley, was to have been a bridesmaid, and the Duke of Roxburghe best man. Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker, however, has taken the vacant post of bridesmaid and Mr. Richard Molyneux will be best man.

There is a saying, "One wedding makes many," and certainly this is the case in Lord Normanby's family, for his marriage a few weeks ago is followed by that of his cousin, Sir Constantine Phipps, our Minister at Brussels. A man of wide and varied experience in diplomacy is Sir Constantine, who is also an authority on South African matters. He has seen service in Vienna, Paris, and Budapest, and was transferred from Brazil to his present post in Brussels, where he became acquainted with the lady who yesterday became his wife.

"So Off Goes This Cuirass."

When Lord Roberts was ordered to South Africa he received several useful gifts, but it is not known that the gallant Field-marshal, just before sailing, was sent, by a lady, a bullet-proof shield (to be worn underneath his uniform), which was warranted to protect him from all danger in the field. His daughter, at her father's request, wrote a polite letter of thanks to the sender, and if Lord Roberts has the sense of humour usual to Irish people he must have enjoyed the incident. Imagine the hero of Kandahar, the holder of the Victoria Cross, going into action in a bullet-proof shield!

Smoking is getting more and more general amongst women. Mary Lady Cavan, who was one of the earliest members of society to indulge freely in the soothing cigarette, tells an amusing tale in this connection. One day she went to see a cottager living near her place in Hertfordshire, and sitting down in her usual friendly way for a chat, asked her humble hostess if she would mind her smoking. The woman of course begged Lady Cavan to do so, and to the mingled amusement and horror of the latter, she called out to her daughter, "Run and fetch your father's spittoon for her ladyship!" It was almost enough to make the most inveterate fair smoker take a vow against cigarettes.

Not Quite the Same.

Mr. William Le Queux, who greatly appreciates the honour which has been conferred upon him by the King of Italy, is not only an author, but a good all-round journalist as well. His father was a Frenchman by birth, but Mr. Le Queux's sympathies are entirely English. He began life by studying art, but soon abandoned it for journalism, and was for some time on the staffs of "Galignani" and the "Paris Morning News." Later on he was sub-editor of the "Globe," and while there had a thrilling experience, a real journalistic escape.

Coming in one day from lunch he saw a tape message bearing the words "Her Majesty (referring to Queen Victoria) died at Windsor to-day at eleven a.m." Excitement prevailed, the editorial staff and the composing department were ordered to "stand by," the paper was put into mourning, and a paragraph prepared. Then one of the hourly visitors to the tape machines arrived and was asked to confirm the news. He smiled a little sarcastically, and picked up from the waste-paper basket a scrap of paper bearing the words, "John Fraying, coachman to," and the "Globe" was saved from an appalling mistake. Nowadays Mr. Le Queux is one of the most popular of novelists, and holds contracts for his work as far ahead as 1910.



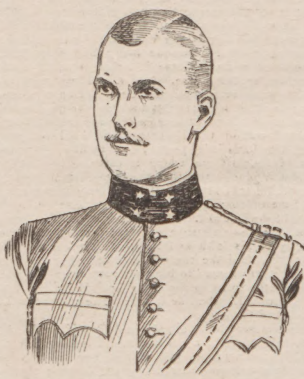
WILHELMINE ADAMOVIC.



LEOPOLD WOLFING.



THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.



PRINCE OTTO ZU WINDISCHGRATZ.



THE COUNTESS TORBY.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.



PRINCESS HOHENBERG.



THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND D'ESTE.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from West End shops.

No. 229.—ORANGE PUDDING.

Ingredients:—Three ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of orange marmalade, one ounce of cream or milk, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and powdered cinnamon, three eggs, one extra white, vanilla, a few pistachio nuts, glacé cherries, a little good pastry, and a dash of lemon juice.

Line a pie-dish with some thin pastry. Cut the oranges into slices, and spread them out with some white of egg and pressed sugar.

Next cream together the butter and sugar, and add to them the yolks of the eggs and the marmalade. Grate and add the rinds of the oranges and strain in their juice. Mix all well together, and add the cream and spices. Whisk the whites stiffly, and stir this lightly into the mixture. Pour it into the prepared dish, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

Whisk stiff the two remaining whites of eggs, add a few drops of vanilla and a tablespoonful of sugar, and beat them up. Sprinkle sugar over the top of the pudding, and dredge some also over the top of the meringue. Put the pudding in a very slow oven for five minutes to set the meringue.

Cost 2s. 6d. for six portions.

No. 230.—BROWN CELERY SOUP.

Ingredients:—Eighteen sticks of celery, one of good stock, one large onion, an ounce of bacon, one and a half ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, salt and pepper.

Well wash the celery, cut it into small pieces, and cook it in the stock till it is soft, with the onion and bacon. Then rub all through a wire sieve, and melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and stir it over the fire till it boils well. Then add the celery and onion, and cook for five minutes. Strain off the fat, and add a few grains of castor sugar. At the last add a few finely cooked mushrooms and bread.

Cost 1s. for four portions.

